

THE
PHÆNIX

HER
Arrival & Welcome

TO
ENGLAND.

It being an Epithalamy on the Marriage of the KINGS
Most Excellent Majesty with the Most Royal and
Most Illustrious *DONNA KATHARINA*
OF PORTUGAL.

By SAMUEL HOLLAND.



LONDON, Printed for the Author. 1662.

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May 1, 1927

PHENIX

Arrival & Welcome

ENGLAND.

Being an Epistle to the
Most Excellent, Right Honorable, and
Most High, the King of the Kingdoms
of Great Britain, France, and
Ireland, by the late
John Milton, Esq.

By Samuel Purchas.



LONDON: Printed by J. Sturges, 1683.

To the most Excellent and most Heroical Prince,
PRINCE RUPERT.

May it please Your Highness,

THe Eyes of all knowing Persons, not only in this Nation, but all Europe over, and beyond it also, are fixed on Your Highness: You attract them by Your Candour, and oblige them by the Inimitable Example of Your Courage: And amongst the number of those who dayly do throng in to admire and honour You, it is my Glory to be one, who having receiv'd my best Encouragements from the Influence of Your Heroick Greatness, shall make it my dayly business accordingly to declare it, and to endeavour to be worthy of it.

May it please Your Highness,

The late War in many Testimonies of Incomparable Valour shew'd how much You honoured the Late King; and in some Testimonies again, it shew'd how much we (who were Your Souldiers) honoured You, whose Spirits You so often rous'd up to the out-daring of all Dangers by the admirable Example of Your height of Fortitude: Then I endeavour'd to serve You with my Sword, as I have done since with my Pen, and have been in both as elaborate as Resolution, and Art can make me.

May it please Your Highness,

I modestly do presume that this Piece on His Majesties most Happy Marriage with the Princess of Portugal will not be unacceptable to Your Highness; It hath receiv'd the happiness to be much applauded by Persons of Eminent Judgment who have perus'd it: May it merit the Honour to be protect'd by Your Highness, to whom most precisely it doth devote it self, his Desires and Ambition are crown'd, who is,

(May it please Your Highness)

Your most affectionate and
most humble Servant,

S. HOLLAND.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND MOST NOBIL PRINCE

PRINCE OF PORTUGAL

My Noble Highness

I have the honor to receive from your Highness the letter of the 15th of this month, in which you are pleased to inform me that you have received the letter of the 10th of the same month, by which I am acquainted with the death of the most excellent Prince of Portugal, your Highness's father, and the accession of the most excellent Prince of Portugal, your Highness's brother, to the throne of Portugal.

My Noble Highness

I am very glad to hear that you have received the letter of the 10th of this month, by which I am acquainted with the death of the most excellent Prince of Portugal, your Highness's father, and the accession of the most excellent Prince of Portugal, your Highness's brother, to the throne of Portugal.

My Noble Highness

I have the honor to receive from your Highness the letter of the 15th of this month, in which you are pleased to inform me that you have received the letter of the 10th of the same month, by which I am acquainted with the death of the most excellent Prince of Portugal, your Highness's father, and the accession of the most excellent Prince of Portugal, your Highness's brother, to the throne of Portugal.

(May it please Your Highness)

Your most affectionate and
most humble servant

S. HOLLAND

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It being an Epithalamy on the Marriage of the **KINGS**
Most Excellent Majesty with the Most Royal and
Most Illustrious **DONNA KATHARINA**
Of **PORTUGAL**.

Wonders get Wonders, and their glorious Birth
Increase new numbers both in Heav'n and Earth;
Though *Charles* the First this present Age did call
A Mirrour, and a Miracle to all;

Yet 'twas the top and height of his Renown
He got so brave a Prince to heir his Crown;
And 'tis the Joy and Honour of his Son
To trace those Glories *Charles* the First had done;
To his Renown it was he did advance
The English Lyons with the Flow'rs of *France*,

And to the Honours of his Son we all
 Ascribe this Marriage made with *Portugal*.
 Great *CHARLES* the Second, who is King of Hearts
 And King of Arms, as well as King of Arts,
 To bless this Nation by a Knot divine
 Is married to the matchless *KATHARINE*.
 Great *CHARLES* the Second whom Fames Trumpet rings
 To be the Wonder and Delight of Kings,
 Is joyn'd to Her whom Heav'n's rich Mint did coyne
 For *Englands* Queen, the Noble *KATHARINE*.
 Great *CHARLES* the Second, Second unto none
 In Goodness, Greatness, and Religion,
 Hath met a Noble Parallel, whose Line
 Answers His own, the Accomplish'd *KATHARINE*.
 Great *CHARLES* the Second, like another Sun
 Whose radiant Glories through all *Europe* run,
 Hath chose One with Him in His Orbe to shine
 Bright as Himself, the Beauteous *KATHARINE*.
 But since the Course of Heav'n and Nature shuns
 The levelling Splendour of two equal Suns;
 Therefore their Rival Lustres to attone,
 Wedlock hath ty'd these Sacred Lights in one:
 And now since *Venus* is new joyn'd to *Mars*,
 Be they the Envy of all other Stars;
 Let them on Earth of Blessings find such store,
 Till Earth can ask, or Heav'n scarce grant them more.
 Loe where that *Tagus* who but lately roll'd
 His glittering waters intermixt with Gold,
 And proudly flowing with a vain Desire
 In his own Channels did himself admire,
 Now pale with Grief, he his own Joyes disclames,
 To see his Glories in the lap of *Thames*;
 His richest treasure, and more precious far,
 More pure in substance, and in show more fair,
 Then all the glory of the weighty Oare
 That shines in spangles on his wealthy shore,

Is now (transported) from fair *Lisbon* come,
This Isle to make the Queen of Christendome.

See where she comes her Beauties do adorn,
And lend new splendors to the blushing Morn,
The Vigour of her rays, which conquering flies,
Dazzles the Sun to look upon her eyes ;

There needs no Ribbands to adorn her hair,
The laughing Stars in knots are radiant there.

The Graces are her Ushers, and do strow
Roses before her where so e're she go,
And a long train of Virtues hand in hand
In Order all behind her do attend.

No sooner shipp'd for *England*, she set sail,
But *Neptune* sent forth a tempestuous Gale,
When loe her Beauties i'th Seas highest Rage
Soon strook a Calm, and did their wrath assuage.

At which loud *Triton* did his suit prefer
To entertain him for her Trumpetter,
And many a Mermaid did attend upon her
And humbly crav'd to be her Maids of Honour ;
The Dolphins near her shoal'd, and with their train
Swept the salt foame, and cut the curled Main ;

So great the Tumult, one might well suppose
From Love, not Rage, the late high Tempest rose ;
The Waves t'enjoy her sight no pains did spare
To leap into the Element of Air,

The Air to bear so fair a burden fain,
Would change it's place and nature with the Main,
Whiles Winds that struggled who should most have crown'd her,
So sinn'd in Zeal, that they almost had drown'd her.

And now arriv'd, Saint *Michaels* Mount must be
The place of Fame, where happy *Destinie*
Decree'd that first this Princess should be found
To plant her foot upon the English Ground.

Now all things smil'd, and did conspire outright
To mingle Royal Greatness with Delight ;

The Month is *May*, and the drefs'd Spring doth stand
 In all it's pride to welcome her to land.
 Here having taken some days rest to ease
 Her Body weary of the churlish Seas,
 A winged Grove of Frigots doth convey
 Her Sexes Glory unto *Portsmouths* Bay :
 Here did our Fears cast Anchor, to implore
 The Pilots Conduct on the Seas no more ;
 Now Bon-fires heat the Air, Healths drench the Earth,
Portsmouth the Center, and the Stage of Mirth ;
 Some use their tongues, and speak their Mirth in Fancies,
 Others their feet, and tread their Joys in Dances :
 Now Youth, and Beauty, State, and Pomp do greet,
 And Peace and Plenty walk in every Street,
 And from above, Heav'ns Blessings more t'unfold,
 It hails down Pearls, and rains down rigorous Gold.
Portsmouth's the place where first His Majestie
 His Royal Spouse Queen *Katharine* must see ;
 For though 'twas *Cornwal* to the Queen did bring
 The happy sight of *England*, yet the King
 (But when her Picture did present the same)
 Ne'er saw his Queen till she to *Portsmouth* came.
 The holy knot was ty'd here in a blest
 And solemn Marriage, here the King possessest
 Earth pure as Heaven, and stain'd with no Alloy,
Braganzaes Glories, and *Terezaes* Joy.

Now like two glorious Lamps may their Flames rise
 Pure, and erect, until they touch the Skies ;
 May their rich splendour be by Age more bright,
 And grace the World with their United Light ;
 May their Loves be a Sacrifice t'attone
 Their Peoples Rage, and make their hearts but one :
 May the Church flourish in her Truth, and Train,
 And be as white as Innocence again :
 May those who scorn'd us in our late distress
 Now fear, and wonder at our Happiness ;

May

(7)

May every Street, and every Countreys Green
Ring with the Trophies of our King and Queen;
And may the thunder of their Armes chastise
And judge 'twixt all both Friends and Enemies,
T'advance the Good, and humble those are Fierce,
And give new Laws unto the Universe.

FINIS.
